It will not be auoided but this:
Therefore good mother (I muſt call you ſo,)
Be the attorney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue bene,
Not by deſertes, but what I will deſerue,
Vrge the neceſſitie and ſtate of times,
And be not pieuiſh, fond in great deſignes.
Qu. Shall *I* be tempted of the diuell thus.
King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to doe good.
Qu. Shall I forget my ſelfe, to be my ſelfe.
King. I, if your ſelfes remembrance, wrong your ſelfe.
Qu. But thou didſt kill my children.
King. But in your daughters wombe, I buried them,
Where in that neſt of ſpicerie they ſhall breed,
Selfes of themſelues, to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I go winne my daughter to thy will.
King. And be a happie mother by the deede,
Qu. I goe, write to me verie ſhortlie.
King. Beare her my true loues kiſſe, farewell. *Exit.*
Relenting foole, and ſhallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious Soueraigne on the weſterne coaſt,
Rideth a puiſſant Nauie. To the ſhore,
Throng manie doubtfull hollow harted friendes,
Vnarmd, and vnreſolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their admirall,
And there they hull, expecting but the aide,
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a ſhore.
King. Some light-foote friend, poſt to the Duke of Norff.
Ratcliffe thy ſelfe, or Cateſbie, where is hee?
Cat. Here my Lord.
King. Flie to the Duke, poſt thou to Salisburie,
When thou comſt there, dull vnmindfull villaine,
Whie ſtandſt thou ſtill? and goeſt not to the Duke.
Cat. Firſt mightie Soueraigne, let me know your minde,
What, from your grace, I ſhall deliuer them.
King. O, true good Cateſbie, bid him leuie ſtraight,
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can make,
And meete me preſentlie at Salisburie.

Rat.

Rat. What is it your highnes pleaſure, I ſhall do at Salisbu
King. Whie? what wouldſt thou doe there before I goe? (ry,
Rat. Your highnes told me I ſhould poſt before.
King. My mind is changd ſir, my minde is changd.
How now, what newes with you?
Enter Darbie.
Dar. None good my Lord, to pleaſe you with the hearing,
Nor none ſo bad, but it may well be told.
King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good, nor bad:
Why doeſt thou runne ſo many mile about,
When thou maiſt tell thy tale a neerer way.
Once more, what newes?
Dar. Richmond is on the Seas.
King. There let him ſinke, and be the ſeas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doeth he there?
Dar. I know not mightie Soueraigne, but by gueſſe.
King. Well ſir, as you gueſſe, as you gueſſe.
Dar. Sturd vp by Dorſet, Buckingham, and Elie,
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.
King. Is the chaire emptie? is the ſword vnſwaied?
Is the king dead? the Empire vnpoſſeſt?
What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?
And who is Englands King, but great Yorkes heire,?
Then tell me, what doeth he vpon the ſea?
Dar. Vnleſſe for that my liege, I cannot gueſſe.
King Vnleſſe for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſſe, wherefore the Welſhman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him *I* feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.
King Where is thy power then? to beate him backe,
Where are thy tennants? and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne ſhore?
Safe conducting, the rebels from their ſhips.
Dar, No my good Lord, my friendes are in the North.
King. Cold friends to Richard, what doe they in the North?
When they ſhould ſerue, their Soueraigne in the Weſt.
Dar. They haue not bin commaunded, mightie ſoueraigne.
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,

Ile mu-